

...es are hard
...ity is at
HAIR CO.
...ND \$25.
...on Factory
...athos,
...lian Cedar.
...Maine.
...es, Bass,
...stern and
...ngs, Sets,
...der.
...wed
...flow
...ing,
...eral
...dar
...Me.
...333333
...EN
...NG,
...sily by?
...pany,
...NOR.
...eulture, 87.
...osition, Co-
...on, Chicago
...at San Fran-
...g. 2, 1895.
...the Home
...particular
...who sold
...talk good
...the range.
...We can
...hand wood,
...er we ever
...C. I. Morse.
...Aug. 3.
...nort range
...partly rec-
...as be-
...believe;
...aning one-
...M. Fisher.
...g. 2, 1895.
...ome Com-
...are pleased
...the name
...It is an
...consum-
...as in every
...G. Evans

The County News.
SHORT PARAGRAPHS Collected by our Local Correspondents, for the BETHEL NEWS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
You are earnestly requested to send us the news from your locality every week. If you get out of stationery drop us a line. In every town where we have not already got a correspondent we would like to make arrangements with some person to furnish us with items. Write us.

EAST BUCKFIELD.
For the past few days the warm weather is making the crops grow nicely.
Mrs. Silas Shaw is at Mechanic Falls visiting her sister Mrs. P. R. Tilton.
A number from this vicinity went to the village last Friday evening to attend the band concert.
Justice Mason and wife went to Bethel to attend the Centennial June 10th, and reported a good time.
Mrs. Mary S. Mason went to Mechanic Falls last Wednesday to visit her Aunt, returning home Thursday.
Mrs. David Record has so far recovered from her sickness as to be able to be out visiting her friends and to do her house work.
Last Thursday S. C. Tuttle had a shingling party. Men and their wives were invited; the ladies were not invited to shingle but were to have a visit and to partake of the bountiful dinner prepared by Mrs. Tuttle, which both ladies and gentlemen did ample justice to. All seemed to enjoy the day.
MARSHAL HILL.
A heavy thunder shower here Sunday afternoon.
Daisy Wheeler went to Bethel Weasley with G. W. Briggs.
Mr. and Mrs. Littlefield visited at J. Haselton's one day last week.
Mr. Carver and wife attended meeting at the school house Sunday.
Clarence and Tess Briggs spent the day Sunday, with their grandfather J. H. Briggs.
Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Briggs went to Bethel, Thursday to visit their son Guy Briggs and returned Friday.
BRYANT'S POND.
The fishermen for bass are getting down to business.
Last week brought the first arrival of summer visitors.
The baad has an engagement to play at the Norway celebration July 4th.
Visitors in town this week, Leo Cummings, J. H. Spalding, Mrs. A. Etheridge, Mrs. G. A. Wing, Walter Davis.
Rev. Gertrude Earle of Somerville, will commence her labors with the Universalist parish Sunday, June 28. Services at 10, 45, A. M.
I. N. Rich died of apoplexy June 20, aged 81 years, he has been nearly helpless for several years. He was a native of New Sharon, Me., and was a soldier in the late Civil war.
There was a close contested ball game June 18, between Paris Hill and the Bryants Pond club. It was the best game of the season and won by Bryants Pond. Score 6 and 4. Eugene Cole, umpire.
MASON.
D. E. Mills is pealing popular. Ed Barker was in town Sunday.
E. H. Merrill is pealing hemlock. Daniel Watson of Norway is in town.
Donald Bean has returned to Paris.
Roy Grover was at home over Sunday.
Miss Ella Tyler is visiting friends in Otsfield.
Arther Merrill has put an addition on his barn.
LOVELL.
Mamie Heald has a new bicycle. Ed Hutchins and wife are visiting at Groton, N. H.
Lloyd Poor and wife have moved to Smart's Hill, Fryburg.
Daniel Smart is boarding with his grand daughter, Mrs. Lester Briggs.
A sermon was preached at the church last Sunday by Rev. Mr. Simons.
Mrs. Heald and Mrs. Hubbard attended the graduation exercises at North Bridgton, June 11.
NEWRY.
It is fine June weather here now. Almost everybody attended the Centennial June 10th.
Sunday Judge Foster and wife visited his brother Orrin Foster.
The praying band from Bethel was at Newry Corner Church last Sunday.
Mrs. Sarah Danforth from Errol N. H. is visiting her parents Mr. E. B. Knapp.
BETHEL.
The bicycle races at 10 o'clock at Riverside Park July 4th, will be an attraction. Liberal purses are offered for trotting in the afternoon. Don't go away to spend the 4th, you won't feel any better satisfied.
L. A. Hall, wife and daughter went to Berlin, Sunday, returning Monday.

MORE EDISON WONDERS.
The Great Inventor Still Adding to His Scientific Achievements.

By the Aid of His Latest Invention He Looks Through Two and a Half Feet of Solid Wood—An Indefatigable Worker.

With his fluoroscope Thomas A. Edison can now look through 2 1/2 feet of solid wood. Nothing better illustrates the tremendous progress he has made in his X-ray experiments. When the announcement was first made that Mr. Edison had perfected an apparatus that enabled him to look through eight inches of wood the whole world marveled. Many persons doubted the possibility of it. Now eight inches of wood offer only a slight impediment to the eye under the X ray and there have been times, when the conditions were peculiarly favorable, that Mr. Edison has penetrated a sheet of steel one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness. Porous substances, like cork, for example, practically offer no obstacle at all to the fluoroscope. Through three feet of cork objects may be seen as distinctly as though there was no obstruction at all, and the same may be said of a cork wall of a sufficient thickness to obscure the vision could not be set up. "As matters are moving now," declared one enthusiast, who was watching Mr. Edison at work recently, "he will be able to look through the earth into China." And this idea must occur to everyone who sees the wonders that are being perfected at the wizard's laboratory in Orange. As Mr. Edison says, "I have seen things that I only want to perfect my vacuum tubes, so that they will stand '32 lamps'—that is, the power used in 32 incandescent lights—and then one may see through anything except the earth."
Mr. Edison's endurance and energy continue unimpaired. The things he has already accomplished, marvelous as they are, have only whetted his appetite for more. He sticks at his experiments day and night, when nature would have him rest. For 48 hours at a stretch he keeps going at times and then he stops only long enough to snatch four or five hours' sleep, when he is up and at it again.
He never leaves his laboratory now. Mrs. Edison has gone on a visit to out-of-town friends, and this gives him perfect freedom to do as he likes. While his wife was in Orange she compelled him at times to come home going to the laboratory after him and refusing to stir until he consented to go with her to their house, across in Llewellyn park. He had to spend away from his experiments, and though he is a most affectionate husband it is doubtful if he did not hail his wife's trip with enthusiasm.
Not the least remarkable thing about the wonder-worker is the manner in which he manages to infuse his own enthusiasm into the people all around him. His assistants are as earnestly interested in the work on hand as he is himself, and remain with him constantly. "Quitting time" has been strictly abolished at the big laboratory. From the meekest laborer in the place to the chief assistant, all hands stay with the chief far into the night.
The reporter left the place at midnight, and there were then no more signs of rest than there had been at midnight. Mr. Edison himself was as lively as a cricket. Between times at the "lamp," as he calls his vacuum tube, he skipped and joked, telling funny stories and acting as frisky as a boy just out of school. Yet he had not closed an eye in 24 hours.
"Tired?" he said, in a surprised tone. "Certainly not. This isn't tiring. This is fun, and lots of it. What do we want to get tired for? We'll keep at it until six or seven o'clock in the morning and then we'll go to sleep for a little while."
—N. Y. Journal.

The Princess Was Fleeting, Too.
There is a story to the effect that when the "powers that were" decreed that Queen Victoria's daughter, Princess Louise, must be provided with a husband there were five of her majesty's subjects who were named as being eligible. The position of son-in-law to the queen is not, however, looked upon as in every way a desirable one, and four of the noble gentlemen in question, getting wind of the affair, promptly went off and engaged themselves to women for whom they had preferences. The son of the duke of Argyll chanced to be around on a fishing trip at the time, and so heard nothing of the matter until his return to London, when he immediately learned the hand of the princess was offered to him. This was, of course, practically equal to a royal command, and very shortly afterward the marriage took place.—Detroit Free Press.

HORSES MADE OVER.
Some of the Tricks of Dealers to Restore Old Horses to Good Condition.
The bolstering of ancient horses has become almost an art. An expert in this practice can take the most decrepit street car wheel, and in a short time so alter his appearance that the careless buyer would consider him a bargain at a fairly good figure.
The tricks employed to gain the ends of the owner of the time-worn horse are as numerous as they are cruel. One of the most ingenious inventions of the unscrupulous is a treatment for filling out the eyes, which, as a rule, are sunk far back in the head. This operation consists in cutting an opening in each optic, in which the eyeballs are inserted. Then, when the wind is then gently pumped into and around the organ, pulling it out and giving it the appearance of a horse in perfect condition. Of course, like all other "tricks" remedies, this apparently beneficial result lasts for a limited time only, after which the normal conditions return.
Another and favorite method of improvement is the injection of a large dose of iodine into the animal, a hygienic syringe being employed to pump the invigorator into the beast to be disposed of. Several secret compounds are also employed by various unscrupulous traders. In fact, there are many injections recommended which contain a limited amount of the fire of youth. Then the broken-down animal is often fed on alcoholic essence of oats, while well-moistened hay will fill out the emaciated frame in short order. Add to these careful grooming and clipping and judicious exercise, and it doesn't take long to bring about a complete metamorphosis. There are tricks in all trades, undoubtedly, but in none are there more than in that of horse dealing.
Dave B. Harrington, of Fleetwood fame, said to a Journal reporter: "One of the greatest difficulties I have to contend with is circumventing the efforts of the sharp who try to palm off on me apparently sound animals to train. As a matter of fact, these animals are 'bolstered' for the time being, and I am supposed to receive them in first-class condition. Then, when the effects of their stimulants have worn off, the owners propose to come to me and charge me with not properly caring for their animals, and thereby ruining their constitutions."
—N. Y. Journal.

Heart Disease Cured
By Dr. Miles' Heart Cure.

Fainting, Weak or Hungry Spells, Irregular or Intermittent Pulse, Fluttering or Palpitation, Choking Sensation, Shortness of Breath, Swelling of Feet and Ankles, are symptoms of a diseased or Weak Heart.

MRS. N. C. MILLER.
Of Fort Wayne, Ind., writes on Nov. 29, 1894: "I was afflicted for forty years with heart trouble and suffered untold agony. I had weak, hungry spells, and my heart would palpitate so hard, the pain would be so acute and torturing, that I became so weak and nervous I could not sleep. I was treated by several physicians without relief and gave up ever being well again. About two years ago I commenced using Dr. Miles' Remedies. One bottle of the Heart Cure cured all my heart troubles and the Restorative Nervine did the rest, and now I sleep soundly and attend to my household and social duties without any further trouble."
Sold by druggists. Booklet free. Address Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.
Dr. Miles' Remedies Restore Health.

LANGUISHING LADIES.
A New Form of Amusement Just Introduced in England.
To the long list of amusements that are sometimes permitted at the dinner table on specially unceremonious occasions, and at the end of the repast, such as the folding of dinner napkins, the docting of card tables, and other puzzle-like forms, and the making of music out of glasses, and throwing of apple-pool over shoulders, etc., we may contribute a dessert diversion we will call "Languishing Ladies." With the tip of a spoon, or point of a knife, make two incisions in an orange to represent two eyes; a smaller one below them to represent the termination of a nose, and a larger one below that to resemble a mouth. Then lay a dinner napkin (serviette) over a glass, and place the orange in it, so as to rest on the top of the glass. With care, and very slowly, then gently move the dinner napkin about to make the orange roll, or roll, first one way and then another, like a head. The motion gives the features the most fantastic expressions. At one moment there is a smile which becomes a grin, and the next, on readjustment the face resumes its serious aspect. Then with fresh movements of the serviette come coaxing, condescending smiles, despairing, despair, polite arguments, slumping negatives, and all sorts of languishing representations. When two oranges are treated in this manner, and placed to face each other, a curious little drama may be performed in these dumb motions to the great entertainment of those who have not seen the diversion before.—Newcastle (Bar.) Chronicle.

FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD.
The Employment of Convicts in the Construction of State Roads.
A correspondent of the San Antonio Express calls attention to two questions of supreme public importance pressing for solution at the present time in Texas.
One of these questions is "How to obtain good roads" and the other "How to employ convicts in labor" and to his mind the second question suggests the answer to the first. He takes the view which the Post has long and persistently urged, that honest labor should not be compelled to compete in any line with convicts, and that some means should be found for employing their services which would make them pay for their keep, which should not be open to the objection which honest labor properly urges. The necessity for improved public highways is everywhere apparent, and the problem of how to provide them has engaged public attention as one of the most difficult of solution. The counties and local communities have tried in a feeble way to improve roads, and it must be admitted that in some instances they have accomplished a good deal, but the means at their command have not been sufficient to enable them to more than make a start in the desired direction. The entire state needs a better system of roads, and to what better use could the convicts be put than in supplying this need? Of course a plan could be devised by which the sections of the state directly benefited would be required to remunerate the state for the use of the convict labor, so that those localities soonest to appreciate and secure the needed road improvements would have the first benefits, and the state convicts would be constantly employed in useful labor that would be of the utmost benefit to the whole people of the state without in any degree conflicting with honest labor. As the Express correspondent suggests, the question should be agitated by the press until the legislature is forced to take some action in regard to it or at least give it due consideration.—Houston Post.

SNAKE PILOT.
Guides Ahead of the Rattler to Warn It of Danger.
The rattlesnake has a pilot. The purpose of this pilot has never been satisfactorily explained, but it undoubtedly serves to protect him in some way. It is well known, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch, that the rattlesnake is a sluggish reptile, slow of movement and short-sighted.
He can strike only to the distance of his own length, and is not of the constrictor species, fighting with his fangs. He is not, therefore, dangerous, and can be easily whipped by blacksnakes or any of the constrictor family. Even a dog can get the mastery over a rattlesnake without much danger of being injured.
The pilot appears like a rattlesnake, except that he has no rattle, and is somewhat darker in color. He is also of much quicker movement, and when other reptiles or animals appear that possibly might prove dangerous to the rattler, the pilot, which is not so near-sighted, conducts the latter away to a place of safety.
Singularly, the pilot has received but scant attention, except among the natives of the people of the desert, where it is found, and but little is known about its habits.

HARNESS
For sale Cheap
To reduce my stock of Harness I will make special prices on them for cash.
Fly Nets, Horse Boots, Trunks and Bags at the lowest prices.

YOUNG'S Harness Store.
FRED FARWELL,
BETHEL, ME.

and get you a Linen Marker, or a Pocket Pen and Pencil rubber stamp. The place is the corner of Elm and R. R. Sts.
Leave your order, it will have prompt attention.

JUNE 1 TO DEC. 15, 1896.
NOTICE!
If you have Wool to be carded, bring or send it to W. K. Hamlin's mill, South Waterford, Me., or to G. A. Cole, Agent, Norway, Me., or to W. K. Hamlin, Bridgton, Me., R. R. Station.
DO NOT GEESE WOOL.
813 Bales were carded at this mill last year. Owing to some mills being washed away by the freshets, we shall expect to do much more this year. Come early before the rush.
With nine years of experience, and cards in perfect condition, we think we can please you all.
W. K. HAMLIN.

DON'T READ
this unless you wish to buy the best Bicycle on Earth for less than one can be bought in this or any other town in Oxford County.

The At-Ki
I also have a large lot of Open & Top Buggies, Concord Wagons, Surrey, Platform Spring Wagons, Farm Wagons, &c. Call and see them and get prices and terms that cannot be beaten.

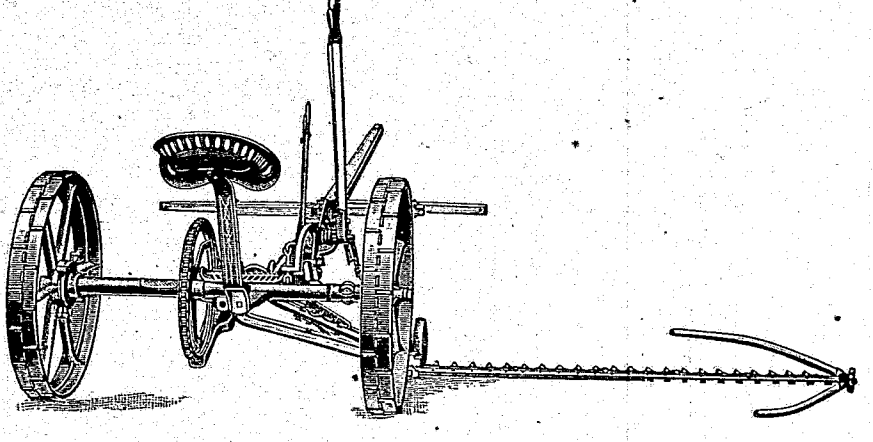
J. G. BILLINGS,
BETHEL, ME.

DR. C. L. BUCK,
DENTIST,
SOUTH PARIS, - MAINE
It is our aim to save teeth, not to destroy them.
We visit Lockes Mills every second Wednesday.
Satisfactory Guarantee.

W. L. DOUGLAS'
\$3.00 SHOE
MADE IN U.S.A.
BEST TANNERY - CALF
BOTTOM SEWED

We also have the 2.50 line in lace and congress.
We have a full line of Men's, Ladies', Boys', and Children's shoes of all makes.
SPRING CLOTHING and Mackintoshes
Ceyon
Rowe,
Bethel,
Me.

AGENTS FOR
Walter A. Wood
HARVESTING MACHINERY.
WOODBURY & PURINGTON,
Near R. R. Station.


Worcester Buckeye Mower,
This is one of the best Mowing Machines made and we are selling a great many of them this year. Come to our store for all of your Harvesting Machinery, including your Forks, Rakes, etc.

HASTINGS BROS.
OPP. POST OFFICE.

So many claims are made
by merchants, that it is necessary to sift all statements to ascertain their positive value. The public read carefully and judge promises by performance. Judged by this standard for many years, we are justified in saying that the continued and generous response to our cards indicates the confidence the people have in our announcements. This straight forward dealing alone in advertisements and our counter commands itself to us as not only the wisest policy, but the only one that can bring and permanent success.

Mens \$10. Suits.
This season we have searched the markets from one end to the other. The result is the best line of Mens suits we have ever shown. Our line at \$10. is bristling all over with values. We have them in many shades of worsteds, serges, chevots, cassimeres, etc. They are made in many different ways. The fit is equal in every way to your custom tailors, and the difference in price is greatly to your advantage.

Cycle Suits.
Comfort and appearance in cycling depends entirely on what you wear. A bicycle suit an absolute necessity if you would enjoy the full benefit of wheeling. Our assortment of ready to wear uniforms is selected from the best line in the country. The cloth is right they are well made and the price is so low you can surely afford one. Caps to match all of our suits. A full line of sweaters, golf hose, etc.

YOUR MONEY BACK IF NOT SUITED.

H. B. FOSTER
NORWAY, MAINE.
Opera House Block.

BURIAL CASKETS
Cloth Covered and Polished, at low prices for first quality of goods; also Metallic Caskets in adult sizes. Embalming done and Embalming Fluid for sale.
N. B.—A good Hearshe will be furnished and funerals attended at short notice. We carry a good assortment of

FURNITURE
In all the various kinds, which will be sold at satisfactory prices. Also Carpeting and Curtain Fixtures, Baby Carriages, Children's Wagons and Carts, Spring Beds and Mattresses.
Pictures Framed to order at short notice and Glass furnished for pictures.

MIRRORS
And Mirror Plates for Old Frames.
Furniture of all kinds promptly repaired. Perforated Chair Seats for old frames.

E. B. GODDARD,
Opposite M. E. Church.
Bethel, - Me.

BLUE STORE.
GREAT BARGAINS IN CLOTHING.

1 Lot Mens Suits, \$4. have been \$5
75 Mens Suits, \$5 00, worth \$8.00 and \$9.00. 7 different patterns to select from. All sizes, 34 to 44.

50 Mens Suits,
\$7.50, worth \$10. in black, steel colored worsteds, cheeks & mixtures, 34 to 44 sizes, new suits made this year. These are the best suits ever sold in Maine for the money.
Fine line of dress and business suits at \$10.

If You Want
a nice black dress suit we can please you. We carry a fine assortment to select from.

Hundreds of...
STRAW HATS
...to Select from.

If you need wearing apparel of any description for Boy's, Youth's or Men, you can save money, and get just what you buy, by buying of us. If you come to Norway the Fourth of July, and we hope you will, as we are to have a grand celebration, make Our Store your headquarters, we'll care for you, In our

Dry Goods Store
we are selling the balance of our Capes and Jackets at just half price. Fine line of Dress Goods, selling cheap.
(Come and See Us.)

TWO LARG STORES,
BLUE STORE, next to Beal's Hotel.
Clothing, Furnishings and Custom Tailoring.
112 Main Street.

DRY & FANCY GOODS
Ladies' and Childrens
Garments, next to Noyes
Drug Store, 113 Main St.

Noyes & Andrews,
NORWAY, - ME.

TRUE'S PIN WORM ELIXIR

Do You Use Mowing Machines?

I Have.....

The best machine on the MARKET

Come and see it.

Shingles, Lathes, Clapboards,
Joists and Spruce, Pine and
Hemlock Boards
.....Always on Hand.....

I also have a few
COWS, SHEEPS AND PIGS
FOR SALE.

F. L. EDWARDS,
BETHEL, ME.

Without Doubt

the best place to buy

MEN'S, WOMEN'S
& CHILDREN'S
—UNDERWEAR—
AND
* FOOTWEAR *

—IS AT—

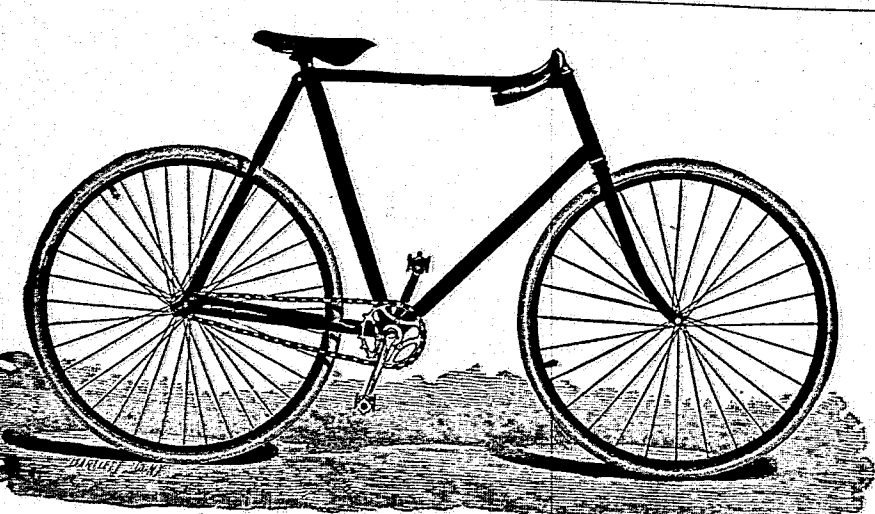
G. P. BEAN'S.

Dr. Samuel Richards,

South Paris.

is the leading oculist in his section of the state. He is sixty-one years old, and learned his trade of Simon Walton, the famous oculist of Oxford County, Me., who learned the business of Oliver Gerish, the first oculist of Portland, Me. Some four years ago Dr. Richards entered our Correspondence Department and has the honor of being the first graduate in this department. He writes: "I had about thirty-five years practice in the old-fashioned way of fitting glasses before taking your College Course, but have been more successful since then, and consider the fee paid you is well invested. I now have no trouble in fitting glasses for myopia, hypermetropia and astigmatism. Dr. Richards is a fine type of a courteous gentleman, and is conscientious and skillful oculist. He enjoys the esteem and respect of his neighbors, controls the optical trade of his community and attracts patients from a large section of the country, and never fails to give unlimited satisfaction. Dr. Richards is a well-read man and keeps abreast of every advance in optics. He is a close and constant student, and as a mark of esteem for his attainments the College has recently conferred on him the honorary degree of "Doctor of Refraction." He is a great admirer of our Correspondence Course, and will give his opinion to anyone who writes for it.

Dr. C. H. BROWN, PHILADELPHIA, PENN.
Extract from the Register of October 1892:
"A journal devoted to the interest of the retail Jeweler."



Still They Go.

I can sell you a wheel at most any price. If you want a cheap wheel I can furnish you one but you will find that it will cost you more in the end of the season. Don't experiment with new wheels without any reputation when you can buy a standard make that you know is all right and pay no more for it.



Prices always the lowest. Bring your wheel in and exchange it for a new one. I will allow you all your wheel is worth. If you want to get your wheel repaired, it is a good time before the rush begins.

F. M. Allen, Bethel, Me.

HONEYUCKLE.

The grim old oak whose branches this and that
Were stricken down in ruin long ago
The summer kisses into fragrant glory
When evening best tell many a sweet love story
And all the wealth of honeyuckles blow.
Round the branches, crackle and gurgle
And hum and buzz, and hum and buzz
A myriad trumpets for the elves unfold:
And for an ear near there flows a perfume dreamy
From clustering masses crimson, flush and green
Soft as girls' blusher—deep as molten gold.
Like Hamadryad from the old trunk springs
Forth to fresh youth amid the sweetest things
Or blue-eyed wood nymph in wild cadence thrills
The honeyuckle falling on her hair.
Ah! when your summer comes to you, my friend
And as life's path grows wider to your feet
Heaven send you gifts in no unstinted measure
Your two hands full of words mix'd pain and pleasure
And the soft flushes of love's rapture ebb and flow
But more than all, the inner nature waking
The hidden fragrance yielding to God's sun;
And your heart in child despair are breaking
And grief and ruin grim dark wrecks are making
Of lives by gladness into beauty won.
I would not wish for you the narrow prison
The trim kept borders of the hedgerow
But charity divine from love's own stream
Fall, red and golden, free from high schism
Like honeyuckle girdled on a tree.
—Winnifred.

MADE FOR TWO.

Jack Hinkston was her slave, bound hand and foot to her chariot wheel, or perhaps it would be better to say now that he had taken to cycling, that he was bound to her bicycle wheel. She had flouted him and scorned him for upward of two years, and in despair Jack set himself at undoing his bonds. Jack had heard that Cissie had taken to the bicycle, but he had never seen the young lady on a machine. For the past week or two Jack had heard Cissie, and he had taken out his bicycle and had gone for a long while into the peaceful country. As he cycled along a narrow country thoroughfare he heard behind him the sharp ring of a bicycle bell. Something in its imperative ring, or else the fact that he was on a lonely road, caused him to look over his shoulder, and he nearly tumbled off his machine with amazement and surprise. There was Cissie on the top of a silver-plated machine, with the very newest bicycle costume, clinging over her tunic at a tremendous rate, giving him a sidelong glance with a grin, and she passed him with a whirl, giving him a saucy nod and a salutation as she went by. "Stop a minute, Cissie. I want to tell you something." But the young woman never paid the slightest attention. She bent over her handle bars and raced down that lane in a way to make pedestrians' heads swim. Cissie disappeared round a corner, and when Jack came to it she was not to be seen down the long avenue. Jack went on leisurely for a mile or two, then he jumped lightly off his machine and trundled it along beside him. The road had suddenly become very bad and Jack thought it safer to wheel the bicycle along by hand rather than risk a puncture on the sharp flint stones scattered with such profusion along the road. Near a little rustic bridge over a clear stream at the bottom of a dell he met what he expected to find—a very pretty girl, with a most wistful, disconsolate look on her face, sitting on the grassy bank, looking forlornly at a bicycle that lay on the road with the tire of the hind wheel collapsed. "Hello, Cissie," said Jack breezily. "Had a tumble?" "No," snapped Cissie. "I am not in the habit of tumbling." "Ah!" said Jack. "I see what is the matter. The tire is punctured. I knew that would happen. I shouted after you to tell you of this bit of road, but you would not listen." "It did not hurt you," said Cissie, at which assertion Jack raised his eyebrows with incredulity, which made Cissie all the more angry, especially as she knew she was telling a thing which was not true. "Well, I don't want any help from you," she said curtly. "Why, of course not," returned Jack, sitting down on the opposite bank and leaning his bicycle against the hedge. "A person who can get out on a wheel and doesn't know how to mend anything that goes wrong is simply a silly fool. One can see you understand all about cycling, because you have left your machine lying on the ground and the oil is running out of your lamp."

"Are Cold Baths Dangerous?" The popular notion of the injurious effect of a cold bath taken by one who is overworked, from exercise most persons in experience, yet it is falsified by the experience of athletes from the days of the Greeks and Romans even until now, the fact in this procedure a refreshing and stimulating tonic after the exertions they have recently undergone. And, physiologically speaking, a cold plunge or douche taken immediately after the physical effort, when the skin is aching freely and the system is heated throughout the body, is as radical as in the experience of the athlete it is beneficial. The popular belief doubtless rests on the injurious effects which may be induced by the bath on one who does not resort to it immediately, but allows time for the effects of fatigue to show themselves on the muscles and nerves, and for the surface of the body to get cool. Taken then, the bath is more likely to depress than to stimulate. There is less power of reaction and greater liability to internal inflammation. At such a time a warm rather than a cold bath is more suitable.—London Tit-Bits.

Byes on Bills. Among the humorous memories connected with English judges is one of Justice Byes and his horse. This eminent jurist was well-known in his profession for his work on "Byes," and as this gave a fine opportunity for alliteration on his assessor's name he was accustomed to bestow the name on the horse, which was but a sorry deed. "There goes Byes on Bills," they took pleasure in saying, and as the judge rode out every afternoon he indulged daily in their little joke. But the truth was that the horse had another name, known only to the master and his man, and when a too curious client inquired as to the judge's whereabouts he was told by the servant, with a clear conscience, that "master was out on business."—Youth's Companion.

GEMS IN VERSE.

We Would All Like a Chance.
When we all have made our millions and on
terrapin we sup.
And they will be railroads instead of
seven up.
Do you think our thoughts will linger with
On the time when we were dining for the sum
of seven?
Do you think we'll feel yearning for the days
before the boom?
When we stored our few possessions in a six
dozen tin?
Do you think we'll linger sadly at the Green-
back door to quote
Reminiscences of dinners at the side street table
d'hot?
I have known them do it often—in a novel, it
is true.
Weep for days when coats were threadbare and
the bills were always due,
And my fond anticipation is that someday you
and I
Shall be in the proud position where we'll
have a chance to try.
—Washington Post.

Reading a Paper From Home.
He was getting home from business—he, a
merchant well to do.
The wheels of his car were throwing
sprays of blue
And around him were acquaintances who
were by word or gesture, were inviting to a
But, quite ignoring all of them, except to bow
and smile
When hailed by some one at the door or just
from the street
He read with boyish eagerness, while speeding
The poorly printed pages of a little country
sheet.
He read of Tom Jones' enterprise in adding to
his barn
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For him these are reminders of the times that
used to be
And from a busy city life he glanced back
To see the town that described his doings
as a boy.
Each poorly printed paragraph upon the home-
ly sheet
Presented to him as familiar or a friend he longed
to meet.
And maybe—you can tell it by the smiles that
heard him
And learned that "Solon Huddleston has got a
brand new year."
That "Amity Simpkins gave a town," that
"crops are pretty good."
And that "Baby came to tea, and
brought a new year."
For